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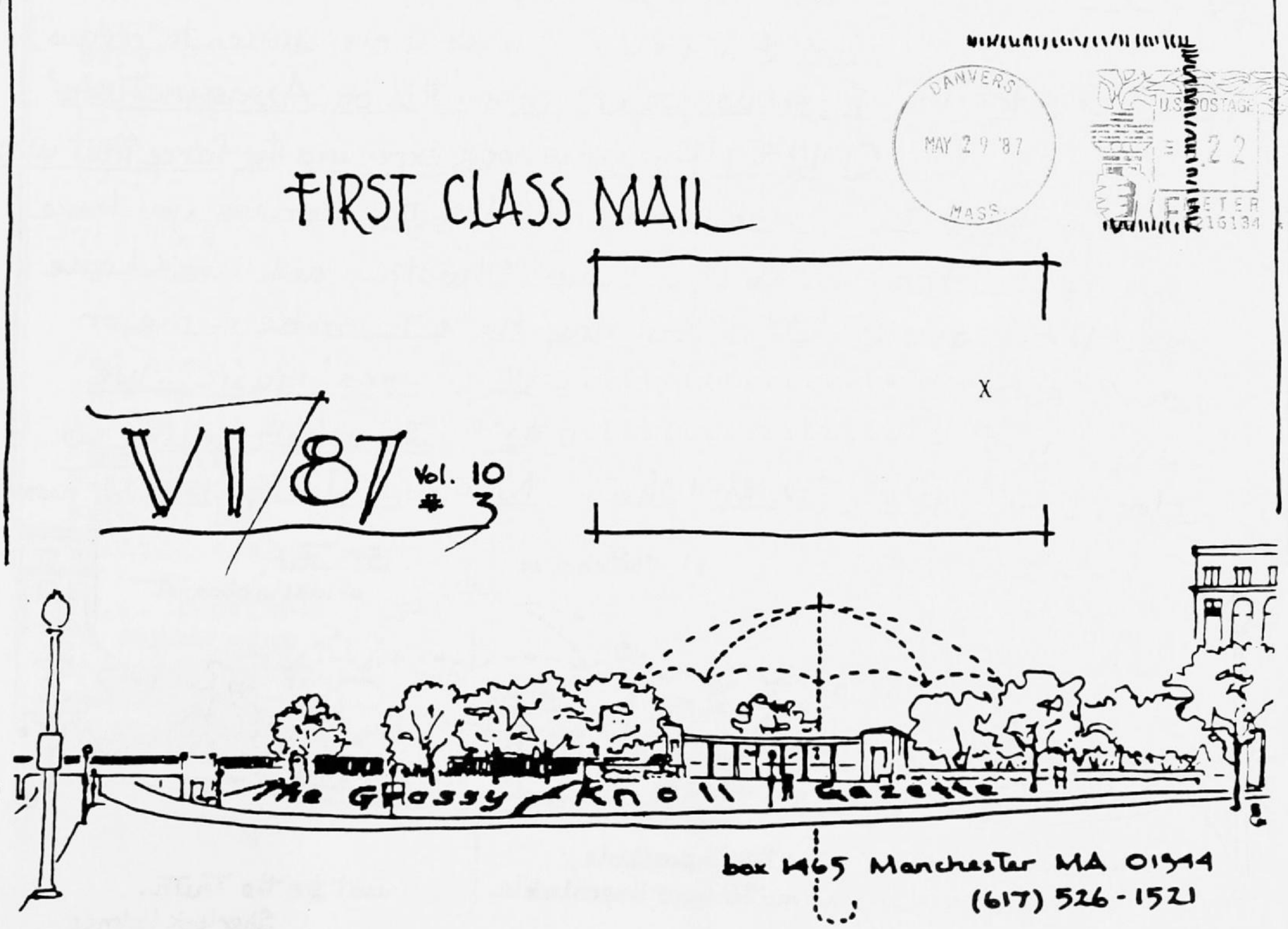

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the GRASSY KNOLL GAZETTE is published bi-monthly, with occasional dividends between, by CUTLER DESIGNS box 1465 Manchester MA 01944 ... $10/year, $12 overseas printed by Minuteman Press, Danvers, MA .. circ. c.200 c. 97 complimentary

3. JER : James Earl Ray's TENNESSEE WALTZ proves it's impossible for him to Kill Dr. King.
4. " : the Waltz comes in three divisions: - - -
5. " : the Selection of a Political Prisoner - that's not exactly commonplace in US : not yet the Prosecution of a Political Prisoner -
6. " : Foreman · Charlie Stephens · James McGraw · Grace Stephens · all leads into a continuum
7. JER : the Maintenance of a Political Prisoner (which we did not have space enough to "review")
8. T. Gandolfo : The House Select Committee on Assassinations' COVERUP : a new book exposing the farce that was.

It is one thing to buy and read the Waltz - unless you have also read Harold Weisberg, Wayne Chastain and Mark Lane on MLK's assassination you may have to make a major move to keep in tune and time with James' music ... we say bluntly : you must recognize the Truth when you're so close to it ... write Gov. McWherter, Nashville TN to give JER a trial by jury

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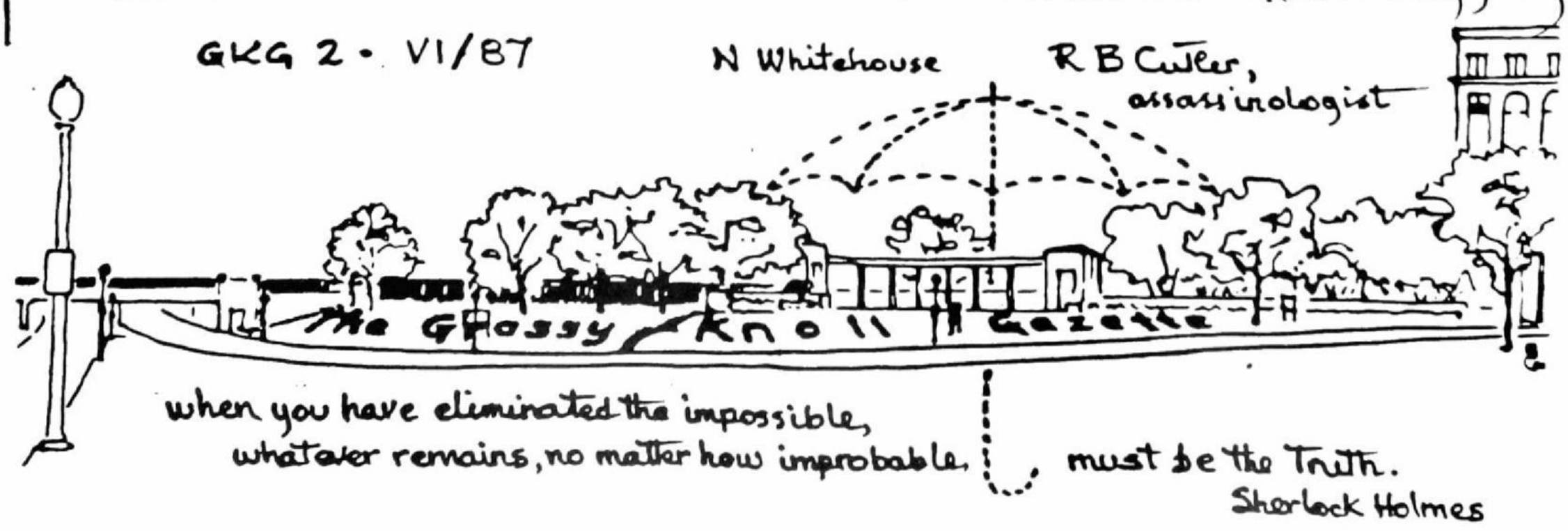
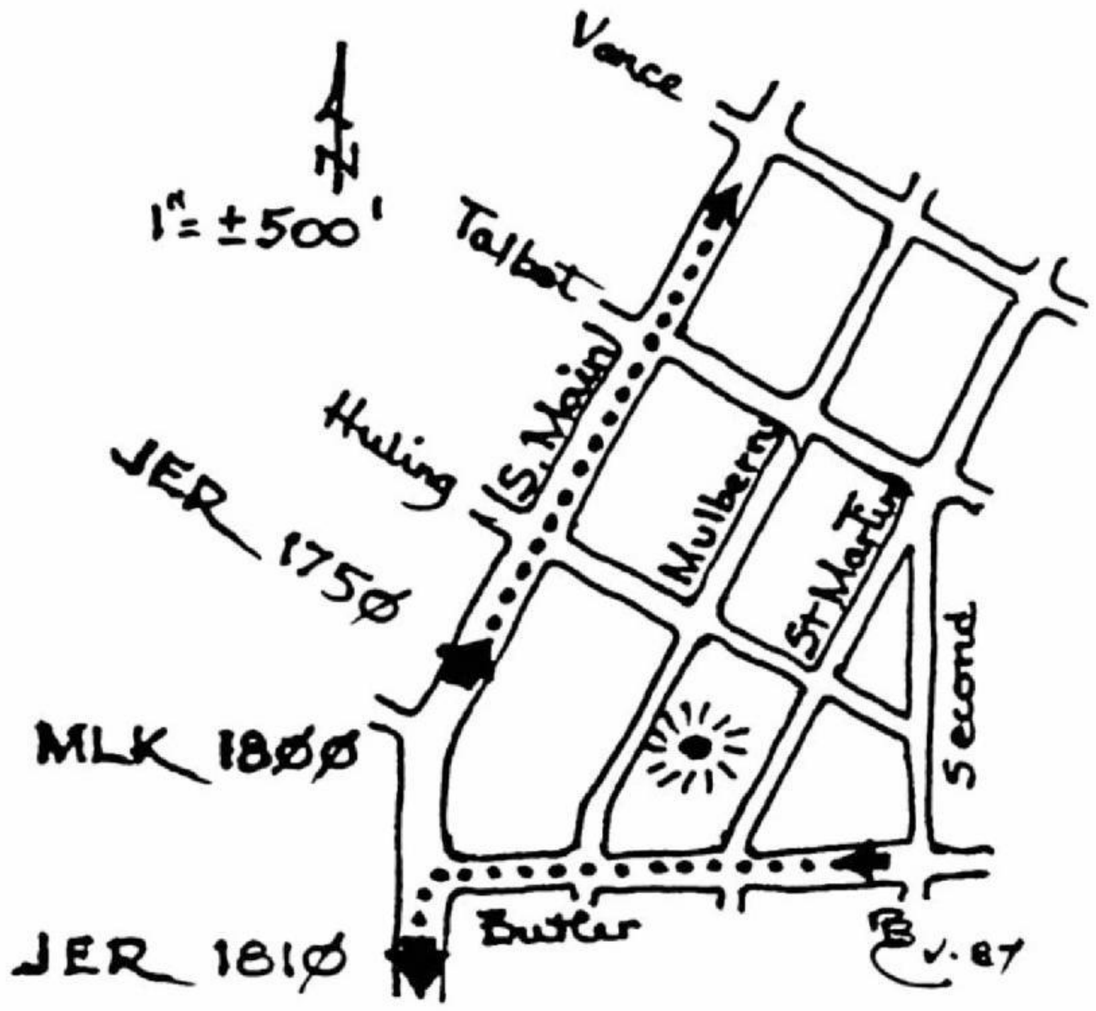


when you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, no matter how improbable, must be the Truth.
Sherlock Holmes

IT's IMPOSSIBLE for RAY to kill Dr KING.



1750 · JER, in Mustang, leaves environs of Bessie Brewer's.

1800 · MLK is killed by a shot from across Mulberry ST.

1810 · JER, in Mustang, returning to Bessie's, is forced by police to Turn south on S. Main.

It must have been between 5:45 and 5:50 when I eased the Mustang out onto Main Street heading north. After several blocks, I turned right, proceeding another few blocks until I came to a cluster of service stations facing one another at an intersection. I pulled into one of them, got out, and asked the attendant if he could repair the tire while I waited. "This is busiest time of the day," he told me, but if I was willing to wait, he might be able to get to it later. (I could give you the precise name of both the station and the attendant, but the FBI wants $1,700 to search their files. That whole area of Memphis, by the way, has since been plowed under by urban renewal.)

I drove over to another station and bought some gas. I pulled out and headed east, intending to circle around and repark the Mustang in front of the flophouse for Raoul's convenience. But when I pulled into South Main, I saw several uniformed police officers moving about in the general area of Jim's Grill. A police car was parked near the intersection . A policeman was blocking outgoing, while turning away incoming traffic. This development prevented me from turning right toward the rooming house, and forced me to turn left.

..... I switched on the radio and .... I heard it: the news bulletin announcing the shooting of Martin Luther King jr .... a followup newscast reported that police were looking for a suspect in the shooting: a white man in a white Mustang..... it was best I move on to other pastures and dump the Mustang. (pp 76 - 77)

This is how <u>Tennessee Waltz</u> tells it ... there's much more....

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TENNESSEE WALTZ by James Earl Ray

Published by Saint Andrew's Press, St Andrews TN 37372 in hard-cover, 322 pages, it sells for $ 19.95 plus 10% for handling and postage. Round that out to $22 and help the publisher profits which the flyer promises " will be donated to serious investigative reporting on the growing phenomenon of political imprisonment in the United States."

Most investigative reporting, encumbered as it is with journalism's sacred cows, will find it difficult to improve on the first-hand knowledge Ray displays. Quantitatively, of course, but for quality documentation, life-style alone mitigates against anyone coming close to the Waltz's telling it like it is.

After buying your own copy, give at least one more to a friend, a relative, your bookstore (for display and sale) a book distributor (for contract with St Andrew's), a book reviwer (for panning possibly; any publicity is good publicity), to a college, school or public library or an interested door-to-door salesman (for something "different"). Make sure it is seen on local TV and heard on local radio. Do everything possible to get the Waltz out of the woods into the park where the band's a-playing.

We placed what we thought was Ray's best answer to who killed MLK? up front on page 3. The author's own words (our favorite is Mustang) prove it is impossible for him to be Martin Luther King's assassin. It is high time this fact of Ray's life was known and believed by more than the conspirators, Grace and Charlie Stephens, PWM's "intelligence arms" and a small army of critics.

The Waltz gives the lie to the media's lone-nut-assassin fiction and explains PWM's natural agitation over the author's request for a trial by jury. Any change from his role as patsy and control of the White House is further endangered, history is up for grabs and perhaps even Congress would begin to see that Henry Gonzalez is not fooling with his HR 111 to impeach Reagan.

The Waltz is divided into three parts:

1) the selection of a political prisoner covers the early years and quickly arrives at the date : IV/13/67 when he escapes from prison, successfully, at last.

.... I phoned my brother Jerry W Ray .... we arranged to meet in a bar on Howard Street ....While Jerry inhaled a couple of beers, we discussed police activities related to my escape. Jerry told me that the FBI had briefly questioned him about my possible location. (It didn't hit me then, but I wonder now: Why was the FBI probing so deeply into the escape of a two-bit crook? Did my vulnerability and psychological profile make me a leading candidate to be placed in a desired circumstance at a desired time?)

(p 44) (cont'd)

JER, (cont'd)

....I commenced frequenting some of Montreal's waterfront bars, figuring that I might happen upon a drunken Merchant Seaman I could roll, in or outside the bar, for his Seaman's papers. I could use the papers to leave Canada by ship for Australia or some other country outside the western hemisphere.....
One afternoon in the Neptune, I met a man who appeared to be in his mid-thirties, about five feet eight inches tall, weighing about 140 pounds, with slightly wavy hair appearing to have been tinted with a dark red dye. He sat down at my table ... introduced himself as "Raoul". Little did I realize at the time that Raoul would one day involve me in the murder of Rev. Martin Luther King jr.
Had he been steered to me? I can't say for sure ....(p 47)

Life under the auspices of Raoul ends shortly after the "Mustang" quote on our page 3.

... At daybreak I stopped for gas on the outskirts of Atlanta...there remained the task of wiping the indise of the Mustang clean of fingerprints. which I did carefully. I locked the doors and started walking away. A feeling made me stop and turn around: it was the feeling that I would not see the Mustang again for a very long time. We'd had a few adventures together, me and that car. I shrugged and went on to catch a taxi ....
The bus was running behind schedule and didn't leave Atlanta until around 4:00 pm .... we didn't pull into Detroit until 8:00 the following morning.... I took a taxi over the border into Windsor, Ontario, thence on to Toronto by train ...
My quest for liberty had brought me full circle. Jere I was back in Canada, still looing for bogus travel documents that would permit one to leave the confines of North America...
(p 79)

The remaining two-thirds of the Waltz is divided into Prosecution of and Maintenance of A Political Prisoner, both of which outpace Selection which begins to appear almost desultory. The differances between Prosecution and Maintenance, already slim, disappear. The House Select Committee on Assassinations, toying with three "conspiracy" solutions to the King murder, each with Ray in a stellar role, steps up the tempo, turning the Waltz into a variation of the bolero, with fandango overtones and outreaches found in most highland flings. Ray's mutliple stabbing and his wife Anna's wounding, both within the confines of prison, are cadenzas, those individual interpretations of an oscillation usually perceived as a stately, loving, occasionally boring gyration in three-quarter time.

Perusal of the Waltz, according to St James (this is much more

JER, (cont'd)

than a play on words) takes time, which it should, and begets reflection. Once started there is no turning back; the sooner your blood pressure rises the better. Ray points to a medieval, Rambo prison system. Beyond that he points to himself as a prime example of how that system is maintained by prosecution and the active cooperation of those beavers who effectively dam up the mainstream.

The added incentive of promoting the lone-assassin myth, thereby delaying implosion of the status quo another millisecond, elevates the perjurer favoring the common weal's national security to national-hero level. The Tennesssee dance-floor is crowded.

The US Attorney's case for extradition consisted primarily of a sworn statement [dated VI/13/68] by one Charles Quitman Stephens, a resident of Bessie Brewer's flophouse at 422 1/2 South Main Street .... Stephens had a police record of nearly two hundred arrests for public drunkeness .... he was found to be addicted to "fermented grape". .... he claimed he saw the "profile" of a person running down the hallway of the flophouse immediately after he'd heard a shot fired at approximately 6:00 pm on April 4, 1968.... and that he had seen this same profile earlier in the building.... that he had "looked at" an FBI profile photograph of James Earl Ray .... as "looking very much like the man" he saw at the flophouse ..... (pp91-2)

[later] when CBS reporter Bill Stout showed Stephens a full-face photograph of me, the following exchange was recorded:

> STOUT: Mr Stephens, what do you think of that picture? Does it look like him?
> STEPHENS: No, from the glimpse I got of his profile it doesn't.
> STOUT: It doesn't?
> STEPHENS: No, sir, it certainly doesn't.... he's too heavy, his face is too full, he has too much hair, and his nose is too wide, from the glimpse I said I got of his profile, but that, definitely, I would say is not the guy.....

The discrepancy in Stephens' testimony is readily explained by his wife, who was present in the room with her husband when Dr King was shot. According to Grace Walden Stephens, Charles Stephens <u>saw nothing whatsoever</u> [emphasis in original] Because he was too liquored up. In the week following the assassination, she told investigator-attorney Mark Lane that "Charlie didn't see anything. He couldn't have. He was on the bed trying to sleep one off"..... (p 93)

(cont'd)

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JER, (cont'd)

[II/13/69] I signed the paper for Percy Foreman reflecting that he "advised" me to let him negotiate a guilty plea, but I informed him that I didn't intend to enter such a plea in the case.
The next day and thereafter Mr Foreman turned on the persuasion full blast. It was in my best interests to plead guilty because the media ....had already convicted me through prejudicial pre-trial publicity .... (p 111)

Furthermore he reminded me how the Memphis political and news establishment had promised Star Witness Charlie Stephens $ 100,000 in reward money for his incriminating testimony.....
I would discover many years later that Mr Foreman had obtained a sworn affidavit from a Memphis cab driver named James H McGraw that impeached Stephens' testimony .....

> ....I was driving a Yellow Cab and was dispatched to 422 1/2 S Main ...at this address I .... observed two White Mustangs parked at the curb. Upstairs I found the fare to be Charles Stephens who was lying on the bed in a very drunken condition. Due to this condition I returned to the cab, made a U-turn and went south on Main Street ....

Foreman knew the prosecution was afraid of an even greater threat than McGraw's testimony: the refusal of Grace Walden Stephens to corroborate her husband's testimony .... [She] could have been made rich overnight if she had only supported her husband's sworn statement. But she was one of those rare souls whose integrity cannot be compromised for money... ... Her principles cost Grace Stephens much, much more than the loss of certain riches .... on July 8th, Mrs Stephens was taken by her husband and Memphis police officers to John Gaston Hospital for treatment of an ankle injury.... a psychiatrist suddenly appeared on the scene and in an instant diagnosis, determined that Mrs Stephens' real problem was mental. Declaring her to be a suicide risk, the doctor had her committed to Gaston's psychiatric ward .... for more than three weeks [then committed by a judge] to Western State Psychiatric Hospital .... until after the prosecution obtained a guilty plea in the King case.

> Her release would be demanded by a group of ministers, including Rev James Lawson.... and attorney/ author Mark Lane. The release was secured on the anniversary of Dr King's murder, April 4 .... (pp 112-113)

By concentrating on the Mustang and the Stephenses, we show you the directness and the tempo the Maestro brings to his interpretation of the Waltz. It's never too late to accept his invitation.

GKG·7·VI/87

The House Select
Committee On Assassinations

COVERUP

IN XEROXED COPIED, SPIRAL BOUND, MANUSCRIPT FORM, A CHRONOLOGICAL COMPILLATION OF HSCA DOCUMENTS, HOUSE RULES COMMITTEE DEBATE TRANSCRIPTS, HSCA INTERIM REPORTS, VERBATIM CONVERSATIONS WITH BOTH CHIEF COUNSELS RICHARD A. SPRAGUE & ROBERT BLAKEY, HSCA ARTICLES, UP-TO-DATE ASSESSMENTS OF THE HSCA'S INVESTIGATION BY JIM GARRISON, RICHARD E. SPRAGUE, MARK LANE, HAROLD WEISBERG, MAE BRUSSELL & DR. CYRIL H. WECHT. ALSO, THE AUTHOR'S RECENTLY AQUIRED EVIDENCE & PROOF OF DIRECT C.I.A. INVOLVEMENT IN THE MURDER OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY.

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